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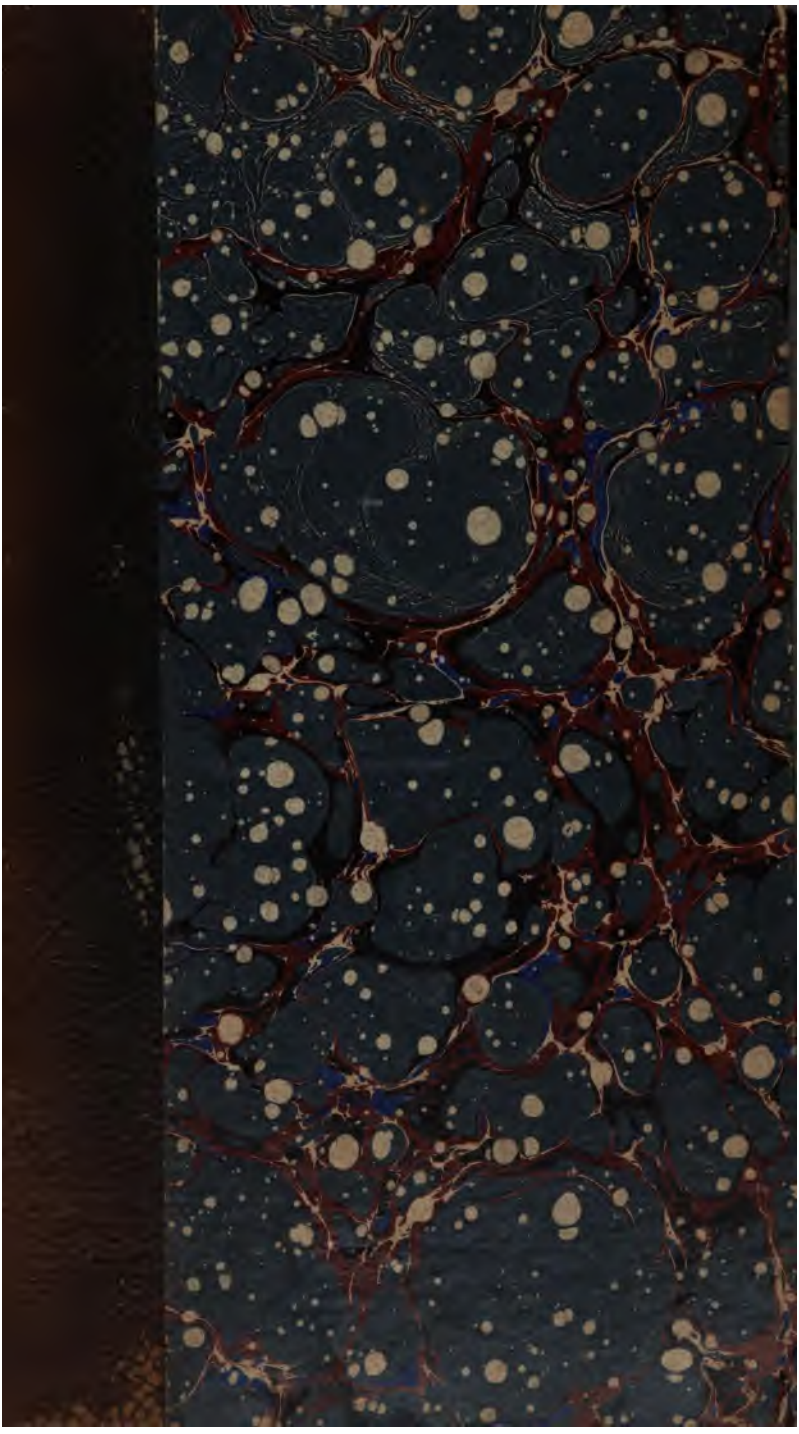

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MORNING, EVENING,

AND

MIDNIGHT HYMNS.

BY

THOMAS KEN, D.D.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

BY

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER;

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

BY A LAYMAN.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

October, 1863.

DEAR SIR,

The authenticity of the text of Bishop Ken's Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns, as given in the "Book of Praise," from the Edition of 1712, has been called in question by some writers, whose judgment, on such a point, is entitled to great consideration; and for whom, personally, I entertain a most sincere respect. I therefore think it necessary to give you my reasons for differing from them, and for retaining my own opinion, that the text of 1712 was the result of the Bishop's revision of his own compositions.

The facts are these. The "Manual of Prayers for Winchester Scholars" was originally published by Ken in 1674, (when he was thirty-seven years old, and a resident Fellow of Winchester College,) without any Hymns. It appears, however, from a passage in the "Manual," that the author had composed, for the use of the scholars, three Hymns, for "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight;" of which copies must have been then in their hands.

In 1697, (six years after the Bishop had been deprived of his see, and twenty-three years after the first publication of the "Manual,") Charles Brome, a London bookseller, who had been the registered proprietor of the copyright of the "Manual" since 1680, brought out a new edition of that book, with the three Hymns added to it by way of appendix. The text of the Hymns, in this and three later editions (of 1700, 1705, and 1709), is that for the exclusive authenticity of which the writers, to whom I refer, contend.

In 1704, there issued from the press of Richard Smith, another London bookseller, a book similar to the

"Manual" in size and appearance, entitled, "A Conference between the Soul and Body concerning the Present and Future State;" with a strong recommendation to the public from Dodwell, one of Ken's intimate friends, and perhaps, among all the Nonjurors, the person with whom Ken had the strictest agreement. No Hymns were appended to the first edition of this book; but to the second (1705) there were added two "Morning" and "Evening" Hymns, with Bishop Ken's name as their author. The text of these Hymns differed, in many points, by alteration, transposition, and omission, and also by the addition of two new and incongruous stanzas at the end of the "Evening Hymn," from that of the "Manual;" but it adhered to the text of the prior Editions of the "Manual" in most of those passages, which were afterwards altered in the "Manual" of 1712: and the only alterations which it had in common with those, afterwards found in the "Manual" of 1712, are the word "*joyful*," (in the third line of the Morning Hymn,) instead of "*early*;" the words "*All praise*," instead of "*Glory*," (in the first line of the Evening Hymn); and a change in the order of two words, ("*Thou not*," instead of "*not Thou*,") in the thirty-seventh line of the Morning Hymn.

Upon the appearance of this publication, the Bishop's publisher, Charles Brome, inserted in an edition of the "Manual" which he issued in the same year, 1705, an advertisement, stating, that the Bishop "absolutely disowned" the Hymns appended to the "Conference," and that "the genuine ones" were "to be had only of Charles Brome, bookseller, whose just property the original copy is." Notwithstanding this disclaimer, another book, called a "*New Year's Gift*," appeared in 1709; in which the text of the two Hymns, printed in the "Conference," was again given as Ken's. Brome met this publication (as he had done that of the "Conference") by immediately issuing a new edition of the "Manual," with the same text as before; and repeating his advertisement.

The Bishop died on the 19th March, 1711 (new style). The early editions of the "Manual" were numerous,

and most of them are now rare: it is by no means certain that the text of the Hymns, as published in 1712, did not appear in his lifetime. But this, at least, is certain, that in 1712, little more than a year after the Bishop's death, a new edition of the "Manual" was published by Charles Brome, in which the text of the Hymns was given by him, and upon his authority, exactly as it stands in the "Book of Praise," (except that, in the twenty-first line of the Morning Hymn, the old reading, "*I wake, I wake,*" was still retained; the correction, or substitution, of "*Awake, Awake,*" being first made in a later edition;) and, at the same time, the advertisement of 1705, repudiating as spurious the Hymns of the "Conference," and stating that "the genuine ones are to be had only of Charles Brome," &c., was repeated, as it continued to be in still later editions.

The text of 1712, without any further change, (except that just noticed), was repeated in every later edition of the "Manual;" that of 1697—1709 never afterwards re-appearing, until brought forward in Mr. Anderdon's biography:—nor does it appear that any exception was ever, until now, taken to the authenticity of Brome's text of 1712, and of the subsequent editions, notwithstanding the fact, that several of the readings of the original text of the Morning and Evening Hymns, which had been altered in 1712, have continued to be current in popular hymn-books down to the present day.

The theory of those who now dispute the authenticity of this text must be, that Brome, the proprietor of the copyright, who was most interested in maintaining the credit and value of the genuine text, and who was so prompt to resent and expose its corruption by another hand, was himself guilty of largely corrupting it—for no conceivable motive—as soon as the Bishop was in his grave; and that the original and only genuine text was suppressed by him, once for all, without objection or remonstrance from any one, and with the acquiescence of everybody even at Winchester College, where the "Manual" must have been in most frequent demand and use, and where the original text of the Hymns was familiarly known. This opinion seems to me to be contrary to

the probability of the case, and without support from external or internal evidence.

Charles Brome must have known, whether the text which he published in 1712 was genuine or not; and the mere fact, that he published it as genuine, without explanation or observation, seems to me to be good *primâ facie* evidence that it was so. He certainly enjoyed the Bishop's confidence, and had transactions with him in business, as appears by a letter from the Bishop to Dr. T. Smith, dated in 1694, (Anderdon's "Life," p. 425,) in which he requests Dr. Smith to call upon Brome for 50*s.* on his own (the Bishop's) account, for a charitable purpose.

It is also certain, that, in the retirement of his latter years at Longleat, the Bishop devoted much of his time and mind to poetical pursuits; and he left many poems in manuscript, which were first published after his death. That he should have revised the "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight," Hymns, (especially after a spurious revision, purporting to be by hinself, had gone abroad,) is, at least, not improbable; and if he did so, the text so revised, would, as a matter of course, come into the hands of, and be published by, the owner of the copyright, Brome.

The alterations of 1712 are considered, by those who reject them, inferior in merit to the original text. They do not, as a whole, by any means, seem so to me. On the contrary, I think they have internal evidence of being by the same hand: they improve the rhythm, (in the earlier text frequently defective,) and they do not anywhere injure or disturb the sense. They seem to me just such as the author, revising his early productions at a more advanced period of his life, and such as nobody but the author, would have made. It has been also suggested, that their doctrinal tone is lower than that of the original text: but I confess I am not myself able to perceive that difference.

Nor do I think that there is any sufficient argument to the contrary, derivable from the mere coincidence of some of those alterations with the readings of the "Conference," restricted, as that coincidence is, to the three small points which have been already mentioned. The author of the "Conference" was a friend of Dodwell's, and he may very

possibly have seen, perhaps in Dodwell's hands, or at Winchester, authentic copies from some of the Bishop's own MSS., in which those readings occurred. One of them, ("*All praise*," instead of "*Glory*,") occurs once in each of the three Hymns, as given in the "Manual" of 1712; though in the "Conference," it is found in the Evening Hymn only. My own individual taste would lead me to prefer the trochee, "*Glory;*" but the alteration, for the sake of the adjective "*All*," is remarkably consistent with Bishop Ken's habit of prefixing to his letters, &c., in his later years, the words "*All* glory be to God;" of which examples may be found in his Pastoral of 1686, and in his letters to Archbishop Sancroft, and Bishops Burnet, Hooper, and Lloyd, at pages 219, 254, 324, 362, 444, 448, 449, 459, and 460, of his Life by Mr. Anderdon. In the first volume, also, of his Poems, as published by Wyat in 1721, there is a series of twenty-four pieces on the Life and Ministry of our Lord, (most of them supposed to be recited by Apostles or Saints, while waiting for our Lord on Mount Tabor;) of which the greater number have, towards the close, an antiphonal burden in two couplets, beginning, in sixteen cases out of twenty-one, with the words, "*All praise to Jesus*," and, in another case, with the words, "*All praise to our Great Prophet*;" while, in the body of two other poems of the same series, which are without any similar burden, lines beginning "*All praise to Jesus*," and "*All praise to God*," likewise occur.

But there is a further, and to my mind stronger reason for believing, that the text of 1712 is really the result of a revision by Ken himself. It was characteristic of the Bishop, that when the language which he had used in any religious work was thought by others open to any serious cavil or misunderstanding, he would alter it, to avoid offence, and to make his meaning more clear. Thus; in the first Edition (published in 1685) of his "*Practice of Divine Love*," there was a passage, in which some Roman Catholic writer professed to discover the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Bishop at once altered it, in the Edition of 1686, saying, in the Preface; "To prevent all misunderstandings for the future, he has,

long as those Hymns were only in private use; and some time might well elapse after their publication before he was led to think of revising them, either by public or private criticism, or by such an occurrence as the appearance of an altered text under his name, which his publisher found it necessary to repudiate. Nor is it improbable that alterations, and various readings, originating with himself, might have obtained private circulation among his friends, long before he had made up his own mind to give them to the public; a suggestion which may possibly help to explain the fact, that a writer, patronized by Dodwell, was misled into believing (for such a writer ought not lightly to be accused of a wilful fraud) that the text, published in the "Conference" under the Bishop's name, was really from his hand.

I have only a few words more to add, with respect to the reading "Awake, awake," (instead of "I wake, I wake,") in the 21st line of the Morning Hymn, which I have adopted from some of the later editions, issued by Charles Brome after 1712. This reading (I mention the fact, whichever way it may be thought to bear upon the argument,) is also found in the "Conference." Whether this or the "I wake," &c., of 1712, and of all the earlier editions, is the true reading, the variation between them may, not improbably, be due to the printer only. The press, at that period, was seldom well corrected; and other mere printers' errors are to be found in many of the editions of the "Manual." I look, therefore, to the sense: which seems to me to be in favour of the repetition of the imperative mood, (as in the first and fifth stanzas,) and not of the transition to the first person indicative. "I wake," in the sense of bodily waking from natural sleep, would be out of place, after five whole stanzas had been already spoken or sung; and, in a spiritual sense, as applied to the soul, the definiteness and positive tone of the first person indicative would seem to me to be rather repugnant to the character of the author and his theology, to the context and spirit of the rest of the composition, and to its design as a hymn for popular use, particularly by young persons.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

MR. SEDGWICK. R. PALMER.

THOMAS KEN, D.D., A SKETCH.

THERE is a soothing as well as a saving influence in religion; and when godliness finds appropriate utterance in poetry, no matter how modest and simple those utterances may be, doctrines find their way to the heart so readily, and sympathy and affection are so easily awakened and secured, it is not wonderful that so many devout persons should have embodied their religious hopes and fears, their opinions and sentiments, as well as their experience, in sacred song. We are to glance at a period somewhat remote from these hymn-loving times, in the remarks to be made on the author of that immortal and inestimable doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"

but in doing so, we can almost hear the uninterrupted chorus of that grand old stanza, (the like to which for popularity is never likely again to be known,) through the whole of the three centuries now nearly passed, since it was first carolled in Winchester School. It enhances the value of the sacred words themselves when we know, that during a life of three-score years and four, the conduct of the author harmonized with the theological opinions which he expressed in his poetry.

Never did uninspired man write, in so few words, so much sound divinity, so much of deep feeling, so much of fervent praise, so much of earnest piety, combined with so much of gratitude, as is embodied in the four lines forming the Doxology written by Thomas Ken. Never was a stanza of human composition translated into so many languages, understood by so many nations, and sung by so many millions of mankind, as that Doxology. It suits all men, all climes, all time, all circumstances and conditions, and often expresses what the heart feels too deeply to be put in any other form of words. Thousands of Christ's followers have by it sung away their doubts and fears, relieved their sufferings, and comforted their hearts: tens of thousands of spirits released from the bondage of

sin have proclaimed their ransom by Christ, and their consciousness of accepted pardon, by singing that Doxology; and the rejoicing of the angels in heaven over one sinner redeemed and pardoned has been re-echoed upon earth by millions of voices in that inimitable Doxology of Thomas Ken.

His father was Thomas Ken, barber-surgeon, of Furnival's Inn, and attorney, who died in 1651; his mother was Martha Chalkhill, who died in 1641; she was the second wife of her husband. Thomas was their youngest son, he having a brother and two sisters older than himself. Thomas Ken was born at Little Berkhampsted, Hertfordshire, in July, 1637. He was descended from an old family in Somersetshire, seated at Ken Place. His mother died when Thomas was only four years old, and his father survived only two years longer, so that he was early thrown upon the world; but he found in his brother-in-law, honest Izaak Walton, the husband of his sister Anne, a true friend and pious guardian. The primitive piety, the extensive knowledge, the true humility, and Christian meekness of his sister, combined with the refined intelligence, the superior skill, and excellent Christian character of her husband, secured for young Ken a training of inestimable value. Under their guiding care, his religious principles were formed and firmly fixed in early life. His love to God, and to the Word of God, grew with his growth, and he ever took delight in assimilating his conduct to the Divine pattern to which he was pointed in the New Testament. Christ and His Cross were his sheet-anchor, and he testified his love thereto by sealing his letters with an emblem of the crucified Saviour on the arms and shank of an anchor, a seal which Dr. Donne had bequeathed to the author of the "Complete Angler," through whom it came into Ken's possession.

The career of Ken at school has, in a few particulars, distinguished him above all others who have passed through that famous College at Winchester. Even the founder himself, the munificent William of Wykeham, is not more honoured at Winchester than the pupil, Thomas Ken; or, as he himself has left his memorial on one of the pillars in the cloister, **THO. KEN.** When, at the age of fourteen, his father died, his mother's brother, John

Chalkhill, was one of the Fellows of Winchester College, and this probably determined the choice of school for the youth. He was entered as a scholar January 30, 1651, and soon became remarkable for his "towardly disposition, his parts, application, and behaviour." After six years study, he was elected, in 1657, to a Fellowship in New College, Oxford, where he secured the esteem and regard of his seniors. He had also, at school, attached himself to Francis Turner, who afterwards became Bishop of Ely. They both became Bishops, and both attended the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold. It is remarkable that the Head Warden of Winchester School and of New College, when Ken entered, was a Presbyterian, yet Ken was a firm and consistent Churchman. Thomas Hearn, the learned antiquary, and librarian of Oxford, mentions that Ken "was even then, when young, and a B.A. of New College, very pious and charitable, and used always to have small money to give away constantly, as he walked in the streets, in pence or twopences, or more at a time as he saw proper objects." His relative, the famous Izaak Walton, says of him, "he was a gentleman and a scholar, very innocent and prudent." The celebrated historian, Anthony A'Wood, mentions that "he indulged his taste for music at the University, and frequented the weekly meetings for the cultivation of that most delightful faculty, where he took his part as a vocal performer." He was so true a Churchman, that as Nonconformists were the Wardens of the University at the time, he declined taking his degrees till a change took place. He took his B.A. degree in 1661, M.A. in 1664, B.D. in 1678, and D.D. in 1679. On taking orders, he was made Chaplain to William Lord Maynard, who was comptroller of the household of Charles II. As a parochial clergyman he was one of the best and brightest examples, first as Rector of Little Easton, in Essex, in 1663; then at St. John's, Winchester, in 1665; at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, in 1667; and finally he took the living at East Woodhay in 1669. In none of these, however, does his influence seem to have been so entirely pervading as it became in Winchester College itself, in which he became a Fellow in 1666. Here his devout mind found ample scope, and

he commenced his usefulness by writing "A Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College." The first edition was published in 1674. It is a charming composition, full of affectionate advice to the young people, with prayers for all times of the day, adapted to their various circumstances, and breathing his own ardent piety. It also contained instructions how to prepare themselves for holy communion, with a method of self-examination, and devotional exercises.

No Hymns were printed with this Handbook, yet he makes this observation: "Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymn in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist, upon happy experience, assures you, that it is a good thing to tell of the loving kindness of the Lord early in the morning, and of His truth in the night season." From these words we may fairly conclude that he refers to his own Hymns; and as such productions were, at that period, often printed on a broad sheet, separately, it is a fair and reasonable inference to draw, that the Morning and Evening Hymns alluded to had been so printed, and distributed among the scholars in the school, and publicly affixed to their rooms. The Manual of Prayers had reached a seventh edition before the Hymns were added to it. The following is the title of the first edition containing the Hymns, which is dated 1697: "A Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College, *and all other devout Christians.* To which is added Three Hymns, for Morning, Evening, and Midnight, *not in the former editions:* by the same author." More than twenty years had elapsed between the first issuing of the Prayers and the first addition of the Hymns to them. The author himself had, in the meantime, encountered changes and vicissitudes which no man would willingly desire. He had been raised to the episcopate; he had been imprisoned in the Tower by one king as a Non-juror, and by another king he had been deprived of his bishopric and his means of subsistence. Yet in these heavy trials he had maintained that love of truth, and that sincere piety, which has endeared his memory to all subsequent ages.

Ken had been made, in 1679, Chaplain to the Princess Mary (of Orange), afterwards, in 1680, he was appointed

Chaplain to King Charles II. His fidelity in reproving the prevailing vices in the Court, both at the Hague and in London, made him both feared and revered; yet his forcible denunciations, although expressed in most eloquent terms, made for him many irreconcileable foes. The King treated his reproofs so slightingly, that he remarked on leaving his courtiers on one occasion, "I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults."

In 1683, the King, attended by the Court, visited Winchester. Ken had been one of the Prebends there for some years. Charles took up his quarters at the Deanery, and immediately opposite was Ken's prebendal house. The officer of the Lord Chamberlain fixed upon this as a lodging for Nell Gwyn, at that time the King's favourite mistress; but he fearlessly refused her admittance, and he declared that "a woman of ill repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, especially the King's Chaplain;" accordingly, "she was forced to seek other lodgings." The "merry monarch" was so far from being offended at this proof of honesty and courage, that two years afterwards, when the see of Bath and Wells became vacant, he at once resolved that Ken should be appointed. "Where," said he, "is the good little man that refused his lodgings to poor Nell?" and himself gave order for a *congé d'elire* to pass the seals "for his election." The King survived the consecration of Ken only a week, during which time, the holy man of God was constant in his endeavours to bring the King to confess and repent of manifold transgressions.

A trial of no small magnitude overtook the good Bishop when the Romanizing James II. ascended the throne. Ken resisted the daring action of the King in trying to re-introduce Popery. His opposition, supported as it was by the Metropolitan, Sancroft, and five suffragan Bishops besides himself, was commenced by refusing to read the King's declaration in their cathedrals. Nor did the fury of the King move them from their purpose. They were even sent to the Tower; but the sympathies of the nation were with them, and opposed to the King's assumption. After a trial in Westminster Abbey, the seven Bishops were acquitted, and the honour of Protestant England was defended by their sufferings. The overthrow of the

Stuart dynasty soon followed; and William of Orange came to rule over a protesting nation which was rejoicing at the flight of an intolerant King. Here a fresh difficulty arose to Ken, and others of the Nonjuring Bishops. Having sworn allegiance to the absent monarch and his heirs, he felt in his conscience scruples at taking oaths and office to another King, whilst the former one lived; and feeling the sacredness of his former engagement, Sancroft, Ken, and their immediate friends consented to retire from all office and emolument under William and Mary, rather than violate their first obligations.

Ken being now deprived of his bishopric, and reduced to poverty, he was invited by his early College friend, Lord Viscount Weymouth, to spend the remainder of his days at his mansion, at Longleat, near Frome, in Somersetshire. There, occupying a small suite of apartments, he lived in retirement from the busy world for twenty years, contented and happy. He was universally respected and beloved; and such was Queen Anne's esteem for him, that she offered to restore him to the see of Bath and Wells; but "he declined, with grateful thanks, for her Majesty's gracious remembrance of him, having long since determined to remain in privacy." The Queen, however, settled upon Ken an annuity of £200 royal bounty, freely and unexpectedly, for which the venerable man made a most pious and grateful acknowledgment. Even the banished James II. said of him, that he was the best preacher in the Protestant church. His successor in the see of Bath and Wells, Dr. Kidder, was killed by the falling of a stack of chimneys upon his bed, in the palace at Wells, by which casualty both himself and his wife lost their lives. A furious tempest caused the sad event, which is known as the great storm of November, 1703. Bishop Kidder had ruled over the diocese for twelve years. Ken himself escaped, during the same night, such a fatality, by almost a hairbreadth, whilst staying with his relative, Izaak Walton, at Salisbury. During the years of his retirement, he spent much of his time in devout exercises. His chief literary occupation was, as Hawkins informs us, the composing of a large portion of his poetical works, which were not published, however, till eleven years after his death.

Ken's reputation will never rest upon those poems; whilst his hymns have found a welcome in every land where the English language is spoken; and the Evening Hymn has been translated into Maori, and printed. Ken's longer poems are rugged and inharmonious; John Byrom was urged to revise and polish them, with a view to general circulation; he did revise the good Bishop's Poetical Dedication to Lord Weymouth, and published the same. Byrom held Ken in high estimation, for in speaking of worthy men, he observes:—

"One of the worthiest was Bishop Ken,"

and in subsequent lines, he describes him as a "man of love." He died in peace with all men, at Longleat, after an illness of some months, on the 19th March, 1710, in the 74th year of his age. Ken was interred in the churchyard at Frome, where his last resting-place is marked by an appropriate monumental tomb.

The limited space at command for this sketch has excluded, necessarily, many incidents which would both instruct and delight; but we must briefly refer to the THREE HYMNS which have done more than anything else to perpetuate the memory of Bishop Ken. These first appeared in a volume in 1697, and again in the eighth edition of the Manual of Prayer in 1700. So highly was the Bishop esteemed, that no less than five different works had their sales promoted by surreptitiously inserting his name on their title-pages; the authors having either abridged, or mutilated, or both, the three Hymns of Ken's, and added them to their own lucubrations. This led the Bishop to issue the ninth edition of the Manual in 1705, with the proper Hymns; and to this he added a disavowal of the erroneous and imperfect copies of his Hymns which had previously appeared. Another spurious edition of the three Hymns appeared in 1709; and in the same year the Bishop issued the tenth edition of his Prayers, with the genuine Hymns added, exactly as they had appeared in 1697, 1700, and 1705 previously. The edition of 1709 is the last which had the direct sanction of the author, who died in March, 1710.

The text of these Hymns was thus sent into the world four times by their author, without any alterations by

him. Of late years the original text has been called in question by several authors of repute, some of whom base their observations on the text last issued by the Bishop in 1709; whilst others select the first text which appeared after the Bishop's death, they believing the variations made in that text, published in 1712, were made by Ken prior to his death. The reader will find in this work both these texts of the Hymns, and therefore each one may form his own judgment as to which is the text designed to be perpetuated by the author. Ken's Poems appeared in four octavo volumes in 1721, edited by his great-nephew, William Hawkins, Esq., of the Middle Temple. The same gentleman also wrote the Memoir of the Bishop, to which were added some specimens of the Bishop's unpublished Poems: this formed one volume, octavo, and was published in 1713. Ken wrote many other Hymns besides those presented in these pages; but they have never been reprinted since they first appeared in his collected Poems one hundred and forty-two years since. Let it suffice that the three Hymns in these pages place him in the foremost rank of our English Hymn writers.

November 18, 1863. G. J. S.

[TEXT OF 1697.]

A Morning HYMN.

AWAKE my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily stage of Duty run;
Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
T'improve thy Talent take due care,
'Gainst the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy Converse be sincere,
Thy Conscience as the Noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret Thoughts surveys.

Influenc'd by the Light Divine,
Let thy own Light in good Works shine:
Reflect all Heaven's propitious ways,
In ardent Love, and chearful Praise.

Wake and lift up thy self my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choire,
May your Devotion me inspire,
That I like you my Age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I nevermore do ill.

Had I your Wings, to Heaven I'd flie,
But God shall that defect supply,
And my Soul wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heav'n aspire.

Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresht me whilst I slept.
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless Light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heav'n it self I would disdain;
Wer't not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in Hymns to be imploy'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e'r Thou art,
O never then from me depart;
For to my Soul 'tis Hell to be,
But for one moment without Thee.

Lord I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as Morning dew,
Guard my first springs of Thought, and Will,
And with Thy self my Spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my Powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above y' Angelick Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

An Evening HYMN.

GLORY to Thee my God, this night,
For all the Blessings of the Light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under Thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the World, my self, and Thee,
I, e'r I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

O may my Soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine Eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My Soul with Heavenly Thoughts supply,
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep of Sense me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive;
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord, are griev'd
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

But though sleep o'r my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains,
And now and then let loose my Heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the sense does bind,
The more unfetter'd is the Mind;
O may my Soul from matter free!
Thy unvail'd Goodness waking see.

O when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And endless praise with th' Heavenly Choire,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

You my blest Guardian whilst I sleep,
Close to my Bed your Vigils keep,
Divine Love into me instill,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my Soul converse,
Celestial Joys to me rehearse,
And in my stead all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful Song.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above y' Angelick Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A Midnight HYMN.

LORD, now my Sleep does me forsake,
The sole possession of me take,
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure desire intrude.

Blest Angels! while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high,
You, ever wakeful near the Throne,
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

I now awake do with you joyn,
To praise our God in Hymns Divine:
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

My Soul when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy Arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some heav'nly Mansion me prepare.

Give me a place at Thy Saints feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my hand,
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoyce,
When e'r I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Glory to Thee in light arraid,
Who light Thy dwelling place hast made,
An immense Ocean of bright Beams,
From Thy All-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun, in its Meridian height,
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My Soul, O lighten, and enflame,
With Thought and Love of Thy great Name.

Blest Jesu, Thou on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent,
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of Ante-dating Heav'n below,
In sacred Hymns, and Divine Love,
Which will Eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart;
One ray of Thy All-quickning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprize,
Watch over Thine own Sacrifice,
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above y' Angelick Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[TEXT OF 1712.]

A Morning HYMN.

AWAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily Stage of Duty run,
Shake off dull Sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Thy precious Time mispent, redeem,
Each present Day thy last Esteem,
Improve thy Talent with due Care,
For the Great Day thy self prepare.

In Conversation be sincere,
Keep Conscience as the Noon-tide clear.
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy Secret Thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own Light to others Shine,
Reflect all Heaven's propitious Rays,
In ardent Love, and chearful Praise.

'Wake, and lift up thy self my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all Night long unwearied sing,
High Praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choir,
May your Devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my Age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all Day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I never more do Ill.

Had I your Wings to Heaven I'd fly,
But God shall that Defect supply,
And my Soul wing'd with warm Desire,
Shall all Day long to Heaven aspire.

All Praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
I may of endless Light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Were't not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in Hymns to be employ'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart:
For to my Soul, 'tis Hell to be,
But for one Moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my Vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my Sins as Morning Dew,
Guard my first Springs of Thought and Will,
And with Thy self my Spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this Day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my Powers with all their Might,
In Thy sole Glory may Unite.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

An Evening HYMN.

ALL Praise to Thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Blessings of the Light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The Ill that I this Day have done;
That with the World, my self, and Thee,
I, e're I sleep, at Peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
To die, that this vile Body may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

O! may my Soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet Sleep mine Eye-lids close;
Sleep, that may me more Vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the Night I sleepless lie,
My Soul with Heavenly Thoughts supply;
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No Powers of Darkness me molest.

Dull Sleep of Sense me to deprive,
I am but half my Time alive,
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

Yet tho' Sleep o'er my Frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in Chains;
And now and then let loose my Heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster Sleep the Senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our Minds,
O may my Soul from Matter free,
Thy Loveliness unclouded see!

O when shall I in endless Day,
For ever chase dark Sleep away,
And Hymns with the Supernal Choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire!

O may my Guardian while I sleep,
Close to my Bed his Vigils keep,
His Love angelical instil,
Stop all the Avenues of Ill.

May he Cœlestial Joy rehearse,
And Thought to Thought with me converse,
Or in my stead, all the Night long,
Sing to my God a grateful Song.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A Midnight HYMN.

MY GOD, now I from Sleep awake,
The sole Possession of me take,
From Midnight Terrors me secure;
And guard my Heart from Thoughts impure.

Bless'd Angels! while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high,
You joyful hymn the ever Bless'd,
Before the Throne and never rest.

I with your Choir Celestial join,
In offering up a Hymn divine,
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell;

My Soul, when I shake off this Dust,
Lord, in Thy Arms I will intrust.
O make me Thy peculiar Care,
Some Mansion for my Soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy Saints' Feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant Seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter Day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand;
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

All Praise to Thee in Light array'd,
Who Light thy dwelling-place hast made.
A boundless Ocean of bright Beams,
From Thy All-glorious God-head streams.

The Sun in its Meridian height,
Is very Darkness in Thy sight!
My Soul, O lighten and inflame,
With Thought and Love of Thy Great Name.

Bless'd Jesu, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent,
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, how can'st thou weary grow,
Of antedating Bliss below;
In sacred Hymns, and Heavenly Love,
Which will Eternal be above.

Shine on me, Lord, new Life impart,
Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart;
One Ray of Thy All-quick'ning Light,
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

Lord, lest the Tempter me surprize,
Watch over Thine own Sacrifice:
All loose, all idle Thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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